

The Wesleyan Magazine

of Creative Arts



Editor

Louise Marchman

Assistant Editor

Suzanne Spence

Business Manager

Kay Stripling

Art Editor

Marcel Dworet

Assistant Art Editors

Ann Zimmerman

Bobbie Dunn

Literary Editors

Barbara Smith

Karen F. Smith

Judy Ragland

Advisors:

Miss Ann Munck

Dr. Leah Strong

Mr. Stuart VanOrden

Volume XXXII

Fall, 1965

Issue 1

Front Cover Design	Louise Marchman	
Notes from the Editor and Staff		2
Dry point print, Marchman		3
And we, poem, Judy Parish		4
Black and White, poem, Kathy Russell		4
Perspective, poem, Pam Tollison		5
Fugue, music, Susan Ramhorst		6
Untitled poem, Susan Lutters		9
Wrong Year for Glory, short story, Barbara Smith		10
Pencil figure drawing, Marcel Dworet		12
Owed to Myself, poem, Bebe Ferrell		13
Untitled poem, Lynn Burnett		13
Death, poem, Beth Morse		13
Parting, poem, Kay Stripling		14
Untitled poem, Pam Tollison		14
Pencil drawing, Chris Philp		15
The First Day of Summer, short story, Jo An Johnson		16
Darkness, poem, Judy Ragland		21
Catharsis, poem, Lynn Burnett		21
Charcoal figure drawing, Cheryl Dunn		22
Fragments, poem, Kay Stripling		23
Untitled poem, Susan Lutters		24
Condotiere, poem, Kathy Russell		24
Pen and ink drawing, Marilyn Lewis		25
Pencil drawing and untitled poem, B. J. Snow		26
Titles Are Unnecessary, poem, Suzanne Spence		27
Remembering Time and On Loneliness, poems, Betsy Martin		27
Hebephrenia, poem, Barbara Smith		28
Lettering, Nanci Williams	1, 16, 26	
Lettering, Louise Marchman	10, 28	
Design, Marilyn Lewis	16	

62580

Notes From The Editor And Staff

Yes, *The Wesleyan* is early this year. This means that you, the students, have an earlier opportunity to improve your magazine.

You have much to gain from *The Wesleyan* instead of just expecting great things of it. Once you start submitting you will find yourself entering art and literary competitions in miscellaneous magazines and local contests. The magazine can offer you many beginnings, such as being elected to The Scribes, an honor for those who show outstanding interest and constant support of the magazine. This honorary and Pi Delta Epsilon, national journalism fraternity, are but two organizations with which you *can be* affiliated.

The staff encourages you to work now on prose especially, poetry, plays, music, art and photography for the next deadline, about December 6. This demand for more material is especially directed to those who are not pleased with the quality of work which is now being published. There are those of us who know we are weak in our work, yet we are constantly *trying* to attain new plateaus.

With these notes we would like also to acknowledge the freshmen, Susan Lutters, Judy Parish, Beth Morse, Chris Philp whose work was chosen; and other freshmen who submitted. We recognize Kathy Russell, Betsy Martin, Jo An Johnson, Susan Ramhorst and Marilyn Lewis as new contributors, and are expecting bigger and better revelations from them. As for Tollison, Dunn, Snow, all strong contributors, and three of our Scribes, Williams, Ferrell and Burnett, we *know* we will hear from these again. Yet the if-no-one-else-submits, I-will group, the staff, too often has to "pad" the magazine with our sometimes strained though pure efforts. We will be anticipating the next deadline and all our newly-found contributors.



"Daughter"

State 6

MARCHMAN '65

And we

Swirls of sea
And we
Are tossed like small
Papers by an open window.

We reach
To feel
And salt becomes our
Breath.

We touch
And do not feel.
We sigh as white caps
Fizzle.

We emerge
And still
We reach
To touch
And do not
Feel.

Parish

Black and White

Black want black want black
want black want

blonde silk
bleached hands
fingers, silvered and pearled, plucking
at crepe, satin, and lace

White see white see white
see white see

black sweat
blistered on
oiled backs baking
in the mud

Black and white
neutrality composed of opposites
Black without light
Whites without enlightenment
makes gray waste.

Russell

Perspective

I, too, have stood
and looked up at Washington's monument . . .
and seen a building.

I've stood
and looked down into the Grand Canyon . . .
and seen a river.

I've wandered
from the wheat fields of Kansas
to the marshes of Glynn . . .
and seen land.

I've been nowhere
and done nothing.
And there's so very much I must do.

Tollison

FUGUE

S. RAMHORST,

ALLEGRETTO

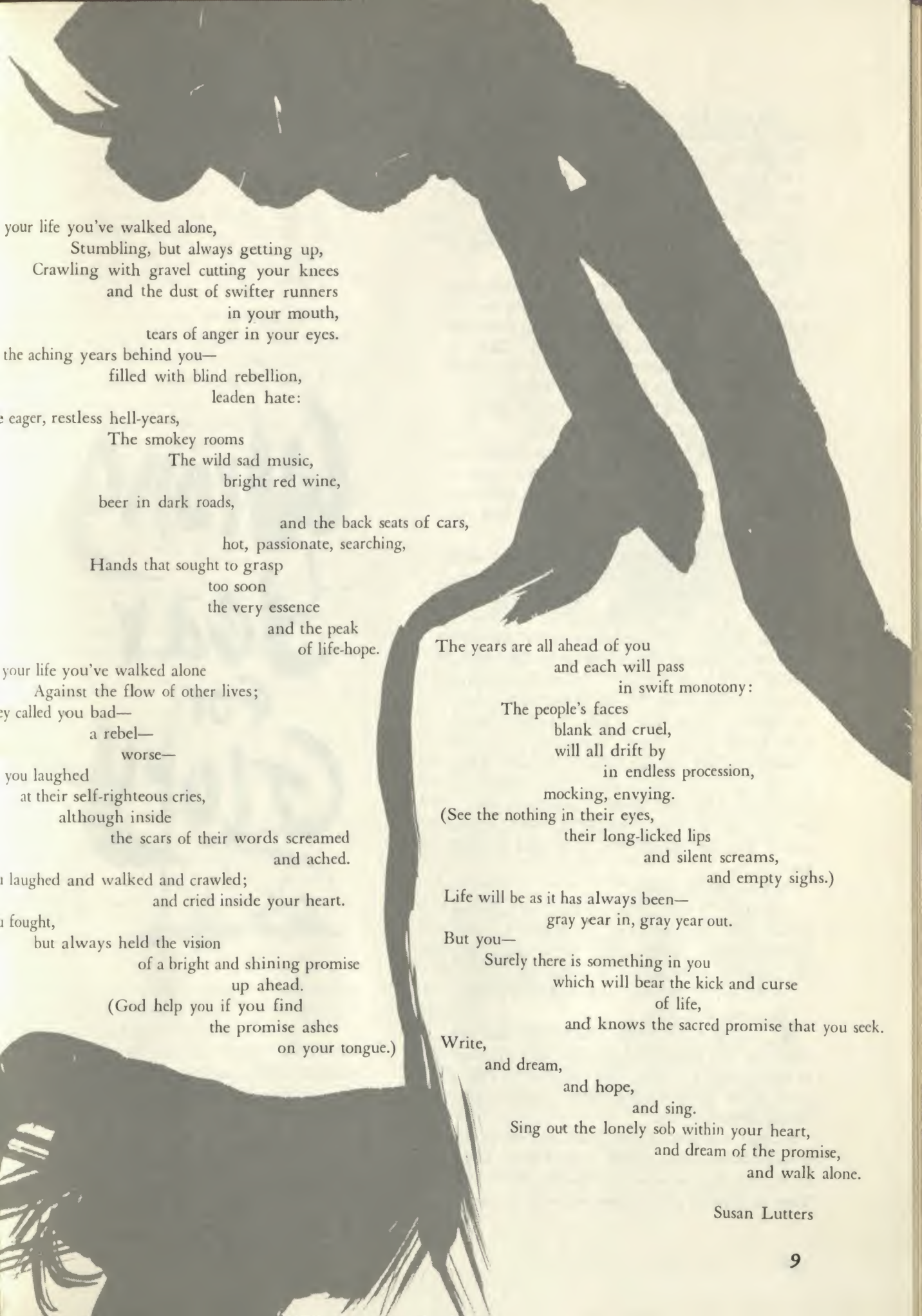
This is a handwritten musical score for a fugue in B-flat major, marked 'ALLEGRETTO'. The score is written on seven systems of staves, each consisting of a treble and a bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The notation is in a cursive, handwritten style. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble staff containing a whole rest and a bass staff with a series of eighth notes. The subsequent systems contain complex polyphonic textures with various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The score concludes with a final cadence in the seventh system.

The first system of the handwritten musical score consists of five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic values. The third staff features a more complex texture with many beamed sixteenth notes. The fourth staff has a melody with some rests. The fifth staff continues the melodic line. The system is divided into two measures by a vertical bar line.

The second system of the handwritten musical score also consists of five staves. It continues the musical composition from the first system. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns, including beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and rests. The system is divided into two measures by a vertical bar line.

This image shows a handwritten musical score on six systems of staves. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The notation is dense and includes many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, suggesting a fast tempo. The first system has a treble staff with a key signature change to B-flat major and a bass staff with a whole note. The second system has a treble staff with a key signature change to B-flat major and a bass staff with a whole note. The third system has a treble staff with a key signature change to B-flat major and a bass staff with a whole note. The fourth system has a treble staff with a key signature change to B-flat major and a bass staff with a whole note. The fifth system has a treble staff with a key signature change to B-flat major and a bass staff with a whole note. The sixth system has a treble staff with a key signature change to B-flat major and a bass staff with a whole note. The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

8



your life you've walked alone,
 Stumbling, but always getting up,
Crawling with gravel cutting your knees
 and the dust of swifter runners
 in your mouth,
tears of anger in your eyes.
the aching years behind you—
 filled with blind rebellion,
 laden hate:
e eager, restless hell-years,
 The smokey rooms
 The wild sad music,
 bright red wine,
beer in dark roads,
 and the back seats of cars,
 hot, passionate, searching,
Hands that sought to grasp
 too soon
 the very essence
 and the peak
 of life-hope.
your life you've walked alone
 Against the flow of other lives;
ey called you bad—
 a rebel—
 worse—
you laughed
 at their self-righteous cries,
 although inside
 the scars of their words screamed
 and ached.
a laughed and walked and crawled;
 and cried inside your heart.
a fought,
 but always held the vision
 of a bright and shining promise
 up ahead.
(God help you if you find
 the promise ashes
 on your tongue.)

The years are all ahead of you
 and each will pass
 in swift monotony:
The people's faces
 blank and cruel,
 will all drift by
 in endless procession,
 mocking, envying.
(See the nothing in their eyes,
 their long-licked lips
 and silent screams,
 and empty sighs.)
Life will be as it has always been—
 gray year in, gray year out.
But you—
 Surely there is something in you
 which will bear the kick and curse
 of life,
 and knows the sacred promise that you seek.
Write,
 and dream,
 and hope,
 and sing.
Sing out the lonely sob within your heart,
 and dream of the promise,
 and walk alone.

Susan Lutters

"I'm going for a walk," I said and tried to ignore their condescending looks. Don't feel pity for me. Everyone has their time. I'll live, just don't pity me! The whole house had an oppressive air which sent me flying deeper into depression. Too many screen-door summers had been passed here to forget the memories. I could see him in the swing or even in the sunlight on the water.

The road ran along the river, following its winding course. Sand covered my saddled feet. A surprising gust of warm wind lifted my skirt and puffed out my dress—YOU LOOK LIKE A CHILD NOW, STANDING ON THAT CLIFF WITH THE WIND BLOWING BACK YOUR HAIR AND PUFFING OUT YOUR DRESS. COME AWAY BEFORE YOU SLIP . . . The white-hot blaze of a Grecian summer blinded me then; too bad it couldn't blind me later. Love is blind and so are fools. I was a fool. Can't ever trust myself again, or perhaps it was only that heat and the country of olive trees.

I've been away too long, but it's still the same winding dusty road and quick-silver river running among the trees. Running . . . running . . . running . . . out of breath, no stopping yet . . . always running. Perhaps if I'd come back sooner I wouldn't have felt so defeated. Too many battles—life that is. Father used to say not to . . . to not let the little things get you down. If they don't, the big ones will plow you under just as fast. I already miss the light weight on my finger. Wonder how long the white circle will last out here in the sun? Rings are no good. Just like fences. They isolate you. Your soul is suddenly alone— nowhere to go . . . no way out. But when you're out, it's no good either. Free and empty. Not quite used to what used to be.

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere." I hadn't seen the little boy and even smaller girl. Together. Yes. All couples are only children holding hands, afraid to try alone. You can't smother someone you love, but you can try.

"Want to play with us?" He looked so earnest.

"Not now, Billy. Later."

He nodded, but I hardly noticed. All men are only little boys wanting to play, only with emotions and lives instead of toys. Too bad love can't be a game where losing doesn't matter. Can't imagine loving without crying.

Strange how nothing's really changed except the people. Older, younger, dead, or gone away. Hard to see this place without Mr. Smedley, but there's Tom to take his place. Someone needs to mend

Wrong
Year
For
Glory

the wall . . . aging like the people, only it can be fixed. Two bottles on a stone wall. . . .

1, 2 BUTTON MY SHOE

3, 4 OPEN THE DOOR . . . LESLIE, COME AWAY, No way out and no way in. I'LL HUFF AND I'LL PUFF AND I'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN. He can't do that. Don't let him. GO AWAY. DON'T EVER COME NEAR ME AGAIN. I HATE. . . .

I could see the old water wheel with its rotting wood. The spastic breeze miniature dust funnels along in front of me, picking up scraps of another life, trying to clear the way of debris. Only it fell too fast and nothing changed.

Sunlight dappled the lane and shadows of leaves made patterns on the ankle-deep grass. Yellow daisies, sweet and innocent, DAISIES WON'T TELL, WILL YOU? Innocence and purity and why do people change? You can never be sure of anything except death. He loves you today, but tomorrow he's gone only to come back again in some other form.

The worms had long been eating the old wood of the bridge. Too soon it would be too weak, and men would come to replace it with a silver steel monster. Replace old bridges like old loves, but



easier. A life alone without what one used to have and lost. A new existence, how, I'll never make it. Maybe this is it. Maybe this is how. . . .

"No, I'm not ready to play." I hadn't heard their footsteps in the dust, softer than falling feathers or floating milkweed. Suddenly, pencil-thin, he

stood before me with the silent dark-haired girl. I don't want to play ever again, now or forever. Go away. Leave me alone. But instead I said, "We'll play later by the old oak. Let me walk for now." I watched their straight young backs dissolve into the greenness of the river bank.



That's the way he left. His back straight, and head held high. In the month of lilies he left . . . tall and proud and cold. Stone couldn't have been harder. No way to penetrate the depths and know if he really loved or hated. Blind, blind, blind. Blind to everything until the hot blaze was no more and only the dim cool light of home to uncover the faults that had been hidden by the brightness. What is love but a searching, and I found the wrong one. Eternally restless. Always looking for my other half. No other half for me . . . alone forever with no hope but yearning.

You said it would take time, but more than that, it will take love. Where? Where? I cannot see the image on the wall or in the lane—only emptiness and swirling darkness. Play with—no, go away. I'M SORRY YOU FOUND OUT. IT HAD TO BE. GOOD-BYE . . . DON'T EVER TRY AGAIN. . . .

The sun's arrow pierced the laughing water and made it cry. Walk away. Don't look back. Up ahead the road seems wider, freer. You'll see it there I'm sure, just keep walking forward out of the shadows into the light. Walk . . . Walk . . . Run.

— Smith



Owed to Myself

All too familiar comrade
Chasing the wild geese of my mind
Creeping under my eyelids during those precious
Semi-conscious moments before sleep comes
Making a spectacle of me in front of myself
And stealing away leaving me alone, ashamed.
Making of my life a resolute effort
Flinging open the door for the briefest glimpse,
Always at the wrong time.
Turning my diamonds into glass mirrors
And cluttering my dinner with buts.
Chastising the only bit of nonsense in my life
But forever compelling me to be aware.

Ferrell

Death

Just a knock on the door.
Only a poor beggar asking for crumbs,
Asking for what is left over from life.
Just a knock on the door.

Morse

Smoky city of summer
glass and steel
skeletons
steaming
honking
Everywhere red
and garbage.
Dirty park
an old man
sit on a bench
trying to get love
from pigeons
with his mouldy
crumbs.
A child looks
into the summer sky
laughing
at nothing.
LHB

just like they've always told me
it's one for the money
two for the show
three to get ready

and if ya make it that far
four is to what ya wanna be
see what ya wanna see . . .

maybe
they might not see it your way . . .
don't say that—you're wrong
don't do that—you'll see
and ya can't get out

so
help
you,
God
you're what's known as a loner—
so depart . . .
leave them with their peace among men.

Tollison

Parting

You say goodbye
your voice cutting
glacier sharp wounds
that promise nights
of scented pain
in cowed sheets
covered with torn
tips of funeral flowers

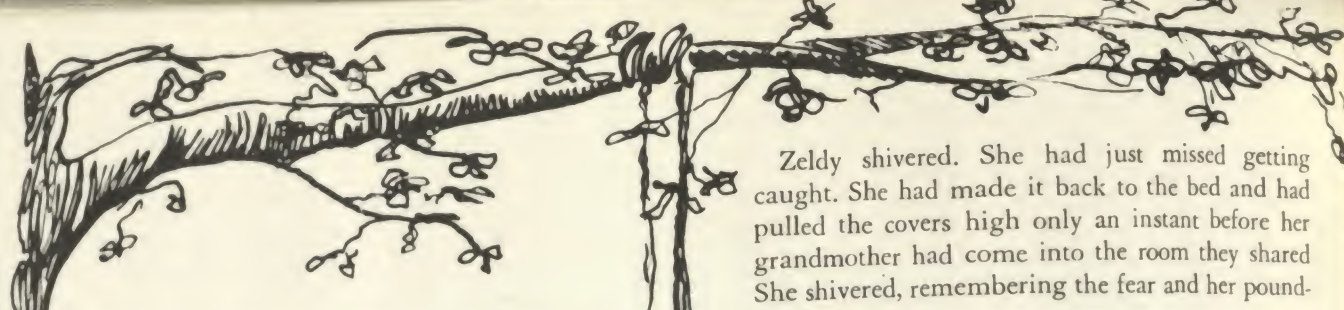
as

with turned back
(dark block of
objective mercy)
you recede down depths
of infinite hallways
into
sunless light.

Stripling



C. Philp



Zeldy wrapped her pale, freckled arms more tightly around the old tire which hung by a frayed rope from a tree in front of her house, and pushed the ground softly with her bare foot. She swung gently, with each forward motion scraping her toes in the fine red dust.

"This ain't no day fer swingin' high, high up to the sky." She giggled at her rhyme.

"Nope, this ain't no such day. Today's a day for decidin'. First day of summer only comes around onct a year and I gotta de-cide just what I'm a-gonna do fer 3 whole months."

Zeldy looked down at the chicken nesting in the dust beside the swing. It had sleek white feathers and it clucked softly. Zeldy was speaking to it.

"Why, only this mornin' granny come in and said, 'Zeldy! Don't you think you can jest lie abed dreaming 'cause it's summer now. You git up and git to yore chores.' "Zeldy giggled again, this time at her imitation of the old lady's voice.

"I didn't even look at granny. And I mighty well didn't tell her that I'd been awake for *most hours*, and even been out to the chicken shed to see if you was all right.

"Granny's so *bossy*. I done heard daddy say it to mama lots of times and even to granny onct. It was the same night he told her that it was a man's place, the head of the family was, and that he didn't have *no* intention of letting her run his house *no* longer."

Zeldy put both feet flat in the dust to stop the swing, and stared at the house, thinking. She hadn't heard granny's answer that night, but she had known from the way granny had stomped her feet on the hall on the way to the bedroom that she was mad.

Zeldy shivered. She had just missed getting caught. She had made it back to the bed and had pulled the covers high only an instant before her grandmother had come into the room they shared. She shivered, remembering the fear and her pounding heart.

She had peeked one eye out from under the covers. She had just *had* to see her grandmother's lips.

"Granny does her mouth *so funny* when she gets mad. She presses her lips together so that they git real thin an' white." Zeldy pursed her lips and put her fingers to them to see if she was doing it right, then looked back at the chicken and continued,

"Didn't do him no good a-tall, though, telling granny he was the head of the house, I mean. 'Cause the next mornin' she was just as mean and ornery as ever. And daddy with his head hurtin', too. Reckon that's why he didn't say nothin' to her about it.

"Poor daddy. Granny says he never put hisself out to do an honest day's work in his life. But that ain't so.

"Ain't I watched him leave for town in his old pick-up most every other day? Why, him and mama, they done gone in this very mornin'. And don't he pick cotton for Mr. Mathis in the summer, and pecans in the fall? I reckon he do! And he gots lots of money. Every time he goes to town, don't he bring me a lickrish stick or a bag of lemon drops?"

Zeldy ran her tongue over the roof of her mouth. Lemon drops always left it sore, but, she thought, one would taste mighty good right now.



The first day of Summer



"And daddy built this here swing fer me and"—she climbed out of the swing, sat down in the dust and stroked the chicken's back—"don't she unnerstand about you and me?"

"You're my best friend, Chickie. You're the only one what'll listen to what I have to say, exceptin' daddy." She stroked the chicken's back again. "Granny cain't do nothin' about you and me 'cause daddy won't let her."

Zeldy smiled. Her grandmother didn't like her having a chicken for a pet. She said that it was foolish to try and be friends with something whose only reason for life was to lay eggs or provide food for folks' bellies.

"But daddy says a friend is a friend, whether it's a person or a dog or a chicken. And you're my friend, Chickie."

"So what'r we gonna do this summer? We'll take walks, like we did last summer when you was nothin' but a little ole thing with hardly no feathers. And you can set on the bank and watch me when I go swimming in the pond. And we'll go help daddy pick cotton sometimes. There *lots* we can do."

She wrinkled up her nose and ruffled the feathers of the chicken which, with an angry swawk, flapped itself to a spot several feet away and began to peck at the ground.

Zeldy jumped up and grabbed the chicken, holding it close to her thin chest. "Oh, Chickie. I'm so sorry. I had no call to treat you such. Will you fergive me?" She stroked the chicken's back and set it on the ground.

"Come on, Chickie. Let's you and me walk down to the crick and throw rocks in the water. We'll have us a fun time. Come *on*, Chickie!"

The chicken was wandering off in the direction of a few sparce tufts of grass which grew around the fence posts separating Zeldy's yard from Mr. Mathis' cotton fields.

"Aw, Chickie. Are you still mad at me fer roughin' you up? Come *on* and I'll gitcha some feed. *Here* chick, chick, chick." Zeldy ran her hand through the air as though she were sprinkling grain.

The bird cocked its head and ran up to her on its short legs. Its beady eyes searched the ground.

Zeldy walked toward the tool shed, softly calling, "Chick, chick, chick," and waving her hand through the air. The chicken followed close behind.

Zeldy looked around for her grandmother as she struggled with the rusty latch of the shed. She shoed away the other chickens following her, went

inside with Chickie and closed the door. The shed was cool and damp. The only light filtered in through the wall boards, and Zeldy blinked for a moment, trying to become accustomed to the darkness. A single bag of grain sat in the corner and old farm tools lay scattered about the dirt floor.

"Here, Chickie." She took a handful of grain and scattered it close to the bag so that if any were left it would look as though it had spilled. She squatted down and watched the chicken pick up each piece of corn, one at a time, hardly disturbing the loose dirt on which it lay.

"Go ahead, Chickie. You just eat all you want. If that ain't enough, I'll just give you some more. Granny won't never know."

The chicken hunted down the last grain of corn and then stared up at Zeldy.

"Here, Chickie. Jest a few more. We got to hurry an' git ourselves outa here."

The shed door banged open and Zeldy froze, her hand still in the bag. Her grandmother stood in the doorway, a huge, dark figure against the bright day outside. Zeldy looked down and saw her grandmother's feet in old, worn slippers; feet so fat that they no longer fit in shoes. Her eyes traveled up the towering form—the faded grain-bag dress, the apron streaked and caked with dirt and old food. Zeldy's eyes stopped when they came to her grandmother's crossed arms. In one hand was a switch.

Zeldy felt her stomach quiver and her throat begin to ache. Her breath came in short, painful gulps. She took her hand out of the bag.

"I ain't doin' nothin', granny. I ain't doin' nothin'."

Zeldy waited.

"Honest, granny. I ain't doin' nothin'."

Zeldy held her breath as she watched the switch in the great, fat hand go up slowly. Then she jumped and shrieked as the stinging blows bit into her bare legs and ankles. Back and forth went the switch. Back and forth.

"Ain't you never gonna stop?!" she cried, falling to the dirt and trying to cover her legs with her arms and hands. She let out one last piercing scream as the tip of the thin switch caught her across the cheek.

Her grandmother grabbed her by the shoulder and dragged her out of the shed, shouting, "I done seen you go in there. Think yore mighty smart, doncha? When you gonna try and feed that grain to that goddamned chicken agin'?"

She shook Zeldy so hard that her teeth rattled and then she pushed her to the ground. "When?"

Tell me! I done seen you go in there. And I done heered all you said. Git youreself up to the house, I got a job for you to do. And if I ever catch you in that shed again, Zeldy, I'll beat you so you know you been beat."

Zeldy watched her grandmother walk toward the house. With trembling fingers she felt the long red whelps already formed on her arms and legs. She wiped the tears off her face as she went through the screenless door. Her grandmother, sitting in a rickety chair, motioned toward a jagged hole in the floor.

"Get yoreself down there and push that trash farther under the house. It's got so I cain't git nothin' through that hole, it's so clogged up."

Zeldy knelt on the floor and began to push down the boxes and cans protruding from the hole. Then she got an old broom handle and poked at the trash until a circle of ground beneath the house was visible through the hole.

"There, granny. It's all done. Now kin I go?"

"No you cain't. I got something else for you to do."

Zeldy looked at her grandmother. The woman was smiling, showing black, rotting teeth. Zeldy frowned. Why's granny smilin'? she thought, she never smiles, hardly. . . .

"I want you should go over to the Rogers' place. They got them some new hound dog pups and I want you should bring back one."

"What fer, granny? I heered you tell daddy about 'em last night and he said we didn't need no dogs around here. He said. . . ."

Zeldy's head jerked to one side as her grandmother slapped her hard across the mouth and she put a hand to her lips, surprised at the sudden, salty taste of blood. She stepped back, away from the woman, her bottom lip quivering uncontrollably.

"What do you mean, listen' to us when we was talking? You was supposed to be asleep! Now you git yoreself out of here and go git one of them pups." She shoved Zeldy out the door.

"And don't you take that chicken of yores with you, neither. That bird's good for nothin' as is. She'll never lay eggs if you keep makin' her walk all over creation with you. And you take yore time. I don't want you underfoot the rest of the mornin'."

Zeldy walked slowly across the back yard, looking to the left and right without moving her head, to see if she could see her chicken.

It had gone squawking out the shed door when her grandmother had begun to beat her. Zeldy was afraid it had been hit by the wild switch.

Once she turned around to see if her grandmother was watching. She was, leaning all her weight on one side of the back doorway. Lordy, but she's nigh-about as big as that door, Zeldy thought, still looking for the chicken.

She passed by the side of the tool shed and stopped. Here she was out of her grandmother's view. She began to call softly, "Here, chick chick, chick." She stopped to listen. All she heard was her grandmother scream, "Zeldy! You git on afore I git that switch out again!"

Zeldy jerked, startled, and began to run down the rough path through the woods. She stumbled over roots and rocks and hardly paused to see if any cars were coming as she crossed the steaming highway, but she kept running until she was on the hill overlooking the Rogers' place.

Below her, through the trees and underbrush, she could see the house. Exactly like her own, it was made of rough, unpainted boards and had concrete blocks under each corner. Only difference—Zeldy thought, as she made her way unsteadily down the hill—is they got themselves a new privvy.

She came to the clearing and walked slowly toward the back door, brushing her stringy yellow hair out of her eyes.

"Miz Rogers? You here?"

A small boy in nothing but his underpants appeared in the doorway. "Naw. She ain't here. What you want, Zeldy?"

Zeldy looked down at the ground. "My granny done sent me over here to get one of them puppies you got."

"Mebby I don't *wanna* give you one of my pups."

Zeldy looked up. The boy was sneering.

"Well, you better, 'cause my granny's expecting"

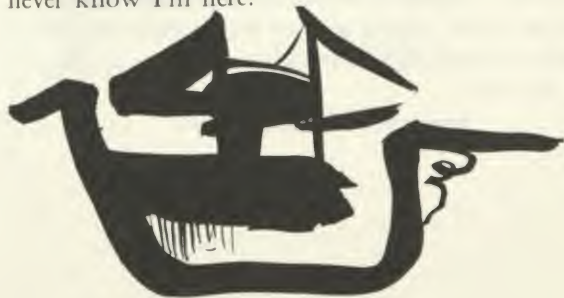
one and she'll tell your maw if you don't give me one. And you'll git a whippin'."

"I ain't affered of no whippin'!" he yelled, very red in the face. He moved his head to look inside the dark house and then turned slowly back to Zeldy. "But they's a bother anyway. The one with the brown spots is already been give away so you cain't take that one. They's prob'ly out front."

Zeldy walked around the house and found the puppies. "Lordy, ther're little," she said aloud. She poked among them and finally chose an almost pure black one. She nestled its soft fur against her cheek.

What am I doin'?, she thought, I don't act lovey with no animal 'cept Chickie. She held the puppy away from her body and began to walk home. She was in a hurry to see Chickie, but when she ran it joggled the puppy and he cried. Once he cried so long that she had to hold him close to her to stop him, and she continued to hold and cuddle him.

She was almost home before she remembered that she had been told to take her time. Aw, granny's prob'ly forgot. Anyway—she thought—I'm jest a-gonna sneak in th' winder and get them bread crumbs I been savin' fer Chickie. She won't never know I'm here.



She sat the puppy down next to the house and grasped the window sill with both hands. She fit her toes into the familiar gaps between the wall boards and quietly hoisted herself up into the window.

Inside the bedroom she searched under the bed until she found the rusty tin can where she kept Chickie's crumbs. Then she lowered herself back out the window.

"Zeldy! That you?"

Ut-oh—thought Zeldy. Now I'm a-gonna git it. Mebby if I let on to be nice she won't whip me agin'.

She hid the bread crumbs under the back doorstep and went inside the house.

"Uh," she noticed a heavy odor in the air. "Uh, somethin' sure smells good, granny. What you fixin' fer dinner?"

Her grandmother turned around to face her, black teeth showing in a wide grin. Zeldy stared at her for several seconds. What's the matter with her? she thought. That's the second time today she's smiled and . . . Zeldy's thoughts stopped. She felt her head begin to swim and her mouth go dry.

"What's that I smell, granny?!"

Her grandmother was still smiling. "Why, it's chicken and dumplins, Zeldy. We're gonna have ourselves a fine dinner today. Yes'm. A fine dinner."

Zeldy wheeled and ran out the back door, screaming, "Here, Chickie! Here chick, chick, chick!" She raced around the tool shed and around the house. There were several chickens in the yard, but none was her chicken.

Zeldy ran back inside the house. "Granny! Granny!" She stopped, and looked at her grandmother's black teeth.

"Granny. Granny, that ain't *my* chicken . . .?"

"Well, Zeldy. I reckon it *is* yore bird."

Zeldy turned and stepped out the back door. "No!" she screamed. She felt something and looked down to see the black puppy nudging her foot. "No! No!" She drew her foot back and kicked the puppy, sending it sprawling and yelping half-way across the yard. She watched it cry and struggle to get up for several minutes before she realized that she was smiling. Then Zeldy sat down in the dirt and cried.

Jo An Johnson

Darkness

It came where silence net a rift
In understanding.
Why was it that you failed to love
For fear of unfulfillment?
Can you never be
Your full being
To another?
I know your longing
Like the deep, black soft-sweetness
Of a perfection unconsciously felt
Before the time of feeling,
Before a hand-slap
And a struggle for first breathe
Began this uncertainty.
Must the darkness interlude to bring
Such discontent,
Desire for a never-possible fulfillment which
You can't even remember?
Does dust desire
Return to dust?
Then the heart only longs
For the finding of a grave-depth's silence.
Is this the peace?
Or can we learn
To love the imperfect sharing
Of ability to see deeply enough
Into each other
To find the reality
Of ourselves.
Perhaps
This elongated trial
Of pleasure-pain
Is worth the feeling.
Ragland

Catharsis

Somewhere in the used to be,
There stands a man
Among the wind
Upon a high mountain.

Below him everywhere glowing
The lights of the world
exploding
Seasons and cities
Crumble in
the beginning rain.

And we run in comfortless agony
In our camphor wrapped souls
Among our umbrellas
in the rain.

Several run to the mountain
Scrambling up
and
fall.

The rock is slippery,
full of rain.

No one comes,
And lookingly at
who was man
He ceases to wait.

He turns away
to go
And love another world.

LHB



Fragments

1

Prepare, prepare.
the morning eyelids blink
into window sills
and plastered walls
hear it, hear it now
the steel bird crowing
on his asphalt bough.

2

lacquered plates are waiting, love,
down the stairs, come
down the stair
with girded waist and painted nails
past clocks and Sunday bacon smells

3

the weather is . . .
a slow October rain
it spots the sill with blood
and stains the brick
a deeper red . .
take off your hose,
come nearer,
near . .
outside, it's better this way, dear.

Stripling

hello.
I'd like to know you seem different
 somehow
 mouth is bitter and your eyes
 are sad.
Do you need to talk to someone

 I can listen
And I want to know you.
You're young

 No.
Why did you grow up so fast?
 (Because I cried)
I'm always here you know I can't
 get out.
Don't have the keys?
 Yeah.
I have the keys to every door
You give me a ring
I have the keys.

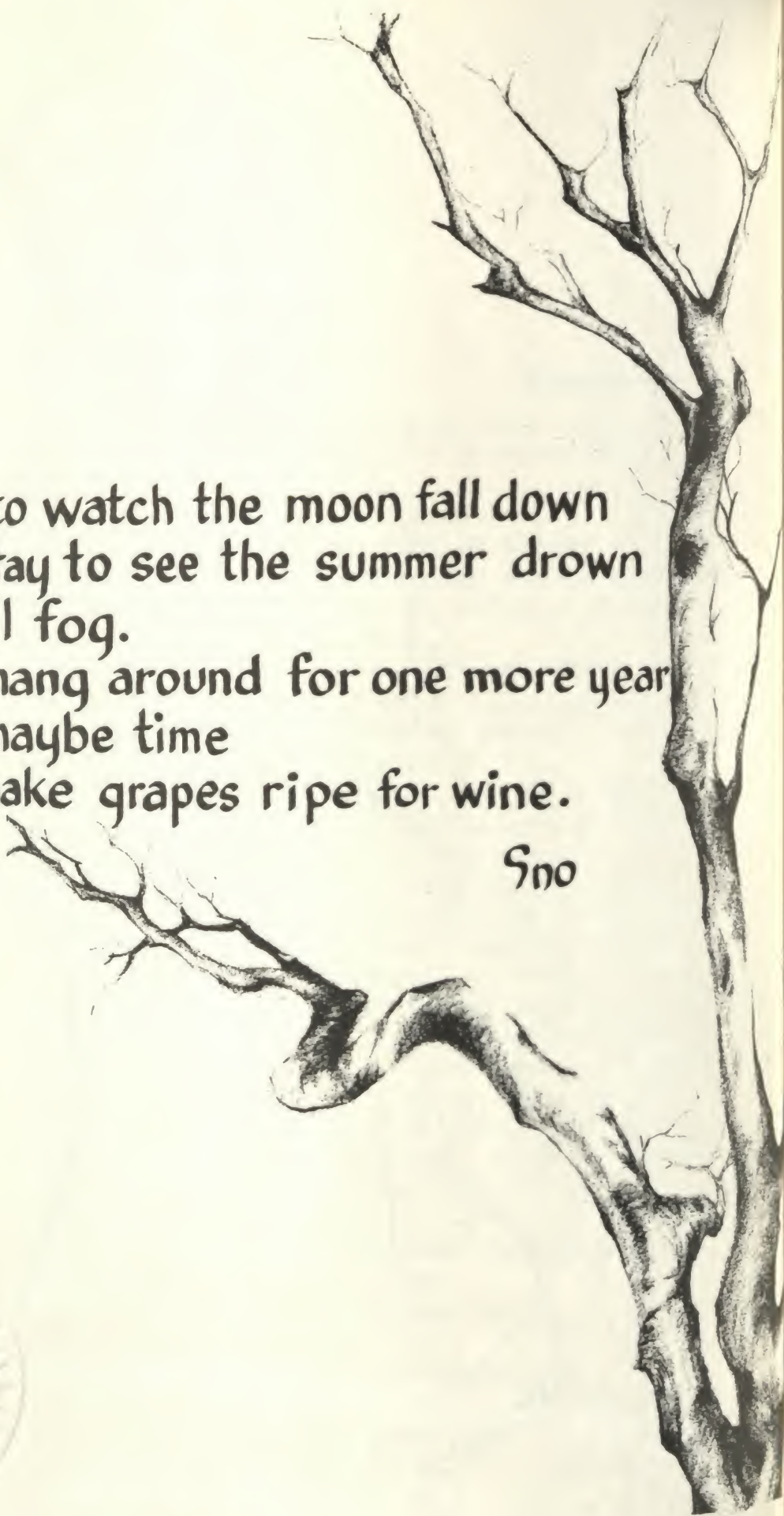
 Lutters

Condottiere

Sitting soundless, smugly wrapped in a
cloak of contained silence,
I see
poor fools content to consume bland bane
in order to survive
Square pegs can fit in round holes—
just fit, without a purpose
I hear
filing cabinets suddenly open and spew out
pieces of conditioned cardboard
From the assembly line the mass-produced
hypocrites come
ready to be pillled, suaved, creamed
cleansed, purged, and pasted
 all to make the
 world more wasted
Right, left, right, left
a row of rancid robots rot
I cry
Rise up and fight for the right
 to oppress your fellow men
 pollute the air and waters
 to rip, tear, and crush
leaving ghastly piles of
misfigured granite——John Doe was here
Take notice, be concerned!
Are you sure you're sufficiently
balanced, matured, functioned
 and
 conditioned
 and
 conditioned
 and
 conditioned

Russell





Stay to watch the moon fall down
And stay to see the summer drown
In fall fog.
Just hang around for one more year
And maybe time
Will make grapes ripe for wine.

Sno

(TITLES ARE UNNECESSARY IF YOU'VE HAD THE FEELINGS)

*Tears will not help embers
But they are all I have left
To mourn a death.*

*A unity created in fantasy
Dies in the pain of reality*

*But I am escaping
Into deeper fantasy
Which might hide reality.*

STS

On Loneliness

I used to be lonely.

I waved to people
and they stared at
me with closed lids.

Loneliness is the
saddest feeling.

I guess its because

I sometimes find

myself in very

poor company.

Martin

Remembering Time

Remembering time . . .
When the wind is chill,
And the mornings still.
A timid leaf falls,
A lone bird calls
And moves along
As does the sun
Toward the evening of the year.
So near.

Remembering time . . .
You leap in the meadow.
Mellow fruit
Touched with gold,
Full and ripe,
Yearning for the pick.
"Take me!" its plea.

Wrap your scarf tight.
The wind tousles your hair,
Brings tears to your eyes.
"Come with me!" its call,
Pushing from behind.
"Hurry! Hurry now!"

Remembering time . . .
The evening of the year.
So near.
Reverie of dreams.
Return of magic.

Martin



HEBEPHRENIA

! FRAG
Ments of
Wo Rd
S ? an
auth
or Los
T his
Min.D

B. Smith

